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NEW YORK A POPULAR PAPER

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No. 119.

ON THE SANGAMON.

BY ST. ELMO.

Beautiful stream with your wavellets of blue,
Bright as the stars out with smiles try to woo,
Pure as the snow in its featherly glow,
Gliding along with a murmuring flow;
Softly caressed by the verdure-crowned shores,
Linked with sweet perfume thy spirit adores;
Why does there float such a mystical pale
Over all, o'er all?

The sun shone with a light that the birds sing as gay
As they did that mellow autumn day;
The clouds float as free in this haven of blue,
Fringed with rich colors of bright golden hue;
The soft drowsy breath of the mellow air,
Fantastically murmurs a holy prayer;
The violet drop in the verdant shade,
And fade; and fade.

Beautiful stream, in the soft balmy night,
Your rippling waves are a source of delight,
Tossing in glee while your fingers curl
Over the waves, my heart beats a peal;
Far in the distance my heart turns to thee,
Beautiful stream in that wild Western sea,
But I hear the refrain of Memory's bell,
Farewell; farewell!

ROYAL KEENE, THE California Detective: The Witches of New York.

A ROMANCE OF FOUR GIRLS' LIVES.

BY ALBERT W. ATKEN.

AUTHOR OF "OVERLAND KIT," "WOLF DEMON," "ACE OF SPADES," "RED MAZEPPO," ETC.

[NOTE. The repeated and pressing calls for this romance have induced the author to write it at this time with a more forcible and dramatic version. Although in some of its features resembling ORPHAN NEIL, by Agile Penne—who, by permission, used certain leading incidents—it is essentially different from that attractive story.]

CHAPTER I.

THE MISSING WILL.

In the richly-furnished parlor of a stately brown-stone-front palace on Fifth avenue, near Thirty-third street, one bright morning in the month of March, in the year eighteen hundred and sixty-nine, sat a brother and sister.

David and Clara Van Rensselaer were the descendants of one of the old patroon families. Their blue eyes and flaxen-colored hair betrayed the German blood, still coursing in their veins, though two hundred years had come and gone since the first of the Van Rensselaer family, a strapping of twenty, in wooden shoes and sad-colored doublet, had sailed from the land of Holland to seek for fortune in the New World.

The German lad of stolid face and plodding brain built up a fortune, a family, and left to his heirs a princely estate.

The family of Van Rensselaer flourished like a green bay tree, and, like the tree, it branched forth.

Philip Van Rensselaer, the father of David and Clara, and one of the descendants of the old patroon, had died just four years before the time at which our story commences. To his children he had left an ample fortune.

David Van Rensselaer was five and twenty years of age, his sister two years younger.

David was a handsome fellow, with his clear-cut, resolute features still betraying the impress that the stolid German lad had given unto his descendants—and his crisp-curling yellow hair, and keen blue eyes; just about the medium size in height, and with a form which gave promise of fine physical strength.

Clara, his sister, was a beautiful blonde; the only blemish to her beauty was the lack of life—or animation in her face. Her features were too regular—too much of the wax-doll and too little of the woman.

The girl sat by the window in a low easy-chair, reading the last new novel.

David held the morning paper in his hand, but his attention was not given to the printed page, although his eyes were fixed upon it.

Suddenly, with a restless motion, he rose from his seat, laid the newspaper upon the center-table, and paced slowly, with a thoughtful look upon his face, up and down the room.

Clara, deeply interested in her book, gave no heed to her brother's movement.

David paused suddenly before Clara, drew a chair up to her side, and sat down in it.

"Clara," he said, "lay down your novel for a moment; I have something important to say to you."

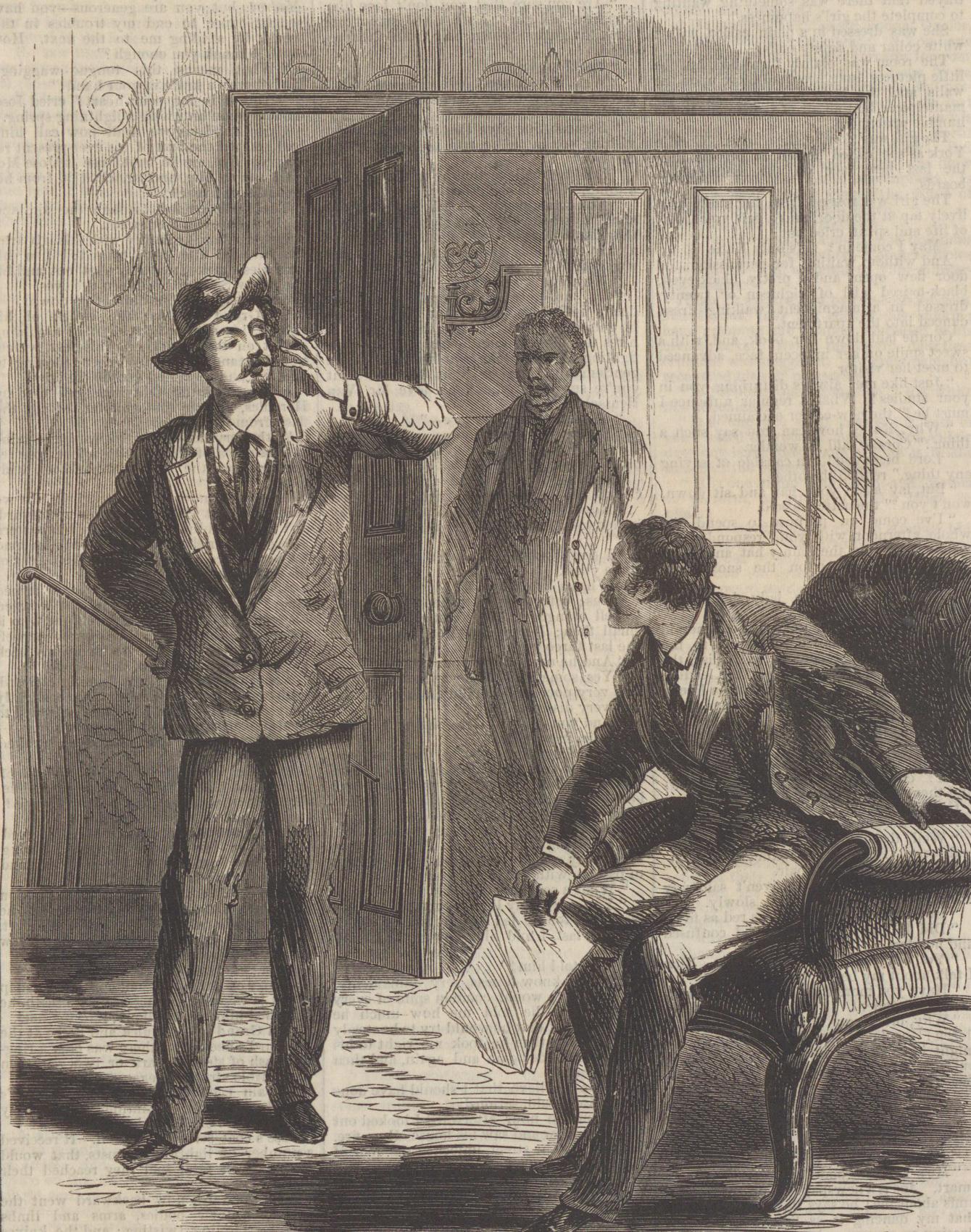
With an air of resignation the girl laid the book down upon her lap and raised her eyes to her brother's face.

"Very well," she replied; "I am all attentive, but please don't bother me with any of your dry business details."

"What I have to say to you, Clara, will, I fear, prove any thing but dry or uninteresting. Now then, listen to me attentively. You know that, about four years ago, our father died and left us all his property, amounting, in round figures, to about a hundred thousand dollars?"

"Why, of course I know that," the girl replied, pettishly. " Didn't I wear mourning for nearly a year, although it was dreadfully unbecoming to me? Of course I don't complain of it, for when one loses a father, one is expected to show a proper degree of sorrow."

"You know that? Now, I am going to tell you something that you don't know.



"Good-morning, sir," said the Californian, gracefully removing the cigar from between his teeth.

"No; I kept the affair secret. The detective dispatched a messenger to Sandy Creek, with instructions to find out all the particulars concerning the girl. The messenger went and returned. By the way, do you remember the visit of a certain gentleman called Royal Keene here, just about three years ago?"

A flush swept over Clara's cheek at the question.

"Of course I remember it," she replied, evidently annoyed. "The dissipated wretch looked as if he had slept all night in the gutter. He was very saucy too. Said that I was the cause of his ruin—that I loved his father's fortune and not him, and had disdained him because his father died bankrupt."

"That was his last visit here?"

"Yes; I have never seen the horrid wretch since."

"Well, that same Royal Keene was the detective's messenger to Sandy Creek. His visit here was to deliver unto me the information that he had gained. I was thunderstruck when I learned his business.

From his knowledge of our family affairs, the information he gained at Sandy Creek put him in possession of the important secret that there was another heir to the Van Rensselaer estate.

The knowledge which accident had thus thrown in his way he proposed to use as a weapon against us. Fortune plays strange tricks sometimes in this world. This Keene had been picked up out of the gutter by the detective officer, Sharpe, who had been well acquainted with his father. Out of charity he employed him, so as to keep him out of the poor-house.

Thinking his business of little importance, he had sent him on it, and thus placed in his hands a terrible weapon."

"But all this was three years ago," Clara asked, in wonder.

"Yes."

"But you never said a word about it."

"But I acted, though," David replied with a quiet smile. "The moment I discovered the existence of the will, and of the child Alice, I consulted a private detective officer—one Mr. Sharpe, whose office was on Broadway. I employed him to find out all the particulars concerning the girl."

"But I never heard of this before."

"But I never heard of this before."

that very night the shanty caught fire and burned to the ground."

"And this wretch, Keene?" asked the girl.

"Perished in the flames!" David replied.

"When I arrived at home the same evening, I immediately burned the two papers that I had secured, thus destroying all chance of the girl ever being able to prove her identity."

"But if our father made a will, who has it?" Clara asked.

"That is a question that has puzzled me for three years. If the will was in existence, why should any one hesitate to produce it, our father being dead and his estate settled up?"

"I can't guess."

"The answer to the question came this very morning."

Clara looked bewildered.

"This morning?" she said, astonished.

"Yes; that is the reason why I have spoken about the matter. Affairs are getting serious, sister; the chances are ten to one that we shall lose half of our property."

"How dreadful!" Clara exclaimed.

"Not a pleasant prospect, truly; the time has come, though, when we must prepare ourselves for the struggle."

"You do not intend to give up half of our fortune, do you, David?" Clara asked, in a dismal, helpless sort of way.

"Not if I can help it," he replied, his keen, blue eyes gleaming. Two points are in our favor: first, the heir may be dead—tis three years since I heard of her; second, we are in possession, and possession is nine points of the law. But in order that you shall fully understand the situation, listen while I read."

CHAPTER II.

THE CALIFORNIA DETECTIVE.

DAVID drew a letter from his pocket. Clara then remembered that he had received it that very morning.

Van Rensselaer opened the letter and read it aloud:

MY DEAR SIR:

"I am an old friend of your father, and have been absent in India for five years. On my return I found at my home in Buffalo a package addressed to me by your father. On opening it I found that it contained his will, with a request that I should produce it at his death, which he further added, I might expect to hear of at any moment. This letter, you must remember, was written to me by your father nearly five years ago, and has remained at my house ever since, awaiting my return. This will you will perceive, accounts for the long delay. I sincerely regret it. I shall be in New York, via the Hudson River Railway, Wednesday afternoon. Should be pleased to meet you at the depot, as I am quite a stranger in the city. I inclose carte. Yours respectfully,

ELIJAH HARTRIGHT."

"Why, how strange!" exclaimed Clara; "it seems more like a romance than a reality."

"Truth is stranger than fiction," David answered. "You see the mystery regarding the will is explained now. Our father evidently feared that, in the event of his sudden death, I might find the will and destroy it; so he sent it to his old friend."

"It will be horrid to give up the money," Clara said, reflectively.

"Yes, but we have not given it up yet," the brother replied, meaningly; "nor do I intend to without a struggle."

"That's right; think of some way to retain it. Why, David, I should really feel poor with only fifty thousand dollars."

A ring at the door-bell interrupted the conversation.

Clara rose languidly.

"That must be Adolphus," she said. "He promised to escort me down town this morning."

"Lawrence, eh? By the by, Clara, are you in love with Lawrence?" David asked.

"I really don't know," she replied, doubtfully; "I don't know whether I am or not. He's very rich, or his father is—it's the same thing."

"Yes, you had better secure him, Clara; he'll have about two hundred thousand when his father dies."

"Oh, there will not be any difficulty about securing him," Clara answered, confidently. "Whenever he hasn't any thing else to say and is at a loss for words, he always offers me a hand and heart, and then tells me what a beautiful pair of long-tailed ponies he brought from Europe," and with a wry face, she left the room.

David leaned his cheek upon his hand, and with contracted brows, gazed upon the open letter that he held within his grasp.

"The old man must be robbed of the will," he murmured, slowly, communing with himself; "the precious paper must be destroyed; and yet my agency in the affair must not appear—must not even be suspected. How can it be accomplished?"

Thoughtfully the young man pondered over the difficult question.

"I have solved the riddle," he cried at length, "I'll get some cool, sharp fellow to meet him at the depot, and tell him that I have gone out of town, and take him to a hotel. When he is fairly housed, I'll think of further action. That will shall never see the light of a probate court."

A servant entered the room with a card on a salver.

Van Rensselaer read the name:

"James Bright, California."

"The gentleman's at the door, sir," the servant said.

"James Bright," David said, reflectively. "I don't know any one by that name. Did he say that he wished to see me in person?"

"Yes, sir; on very 'ticular business, sir."

"Show him in, then."

"Yes, sir."

The servant withdrew.

"What the deuce can this Mr. Bright want with me, I wonder?" David said, as he awaited his visitor.

The servant conducted the stranger into the room; then withdrew and closed the door behind him.

Mr. James Bright was a man apparently about thirty years of age, with an oval, Italian sort of face, a quick black eye, high cheek-bones, and a square-set, resolute chin. He was dressed in a dark velvet suit, a white sash, and a fragrant "Henry Clay" cigar between his regular, white teeth.

The whole appearance of the man was cool, careless, reckless—a fair type of the modern Californian, the child of the Sierras, of the rocky gulch and stone-ribbed canyon.

"Good-morning, sir," said the Californian, graciously, removing the cigar from between his teeth and pouring forth a volume of smoke.

Van Rensselaer started to his feet in utter amazement; his face was white—the blood had forsaken the cheeks, and his eyes glared as if he gazed upon a specter rather than on a human like to himself.

The Californian never noticed the agitation of the other, but placed his cigar again between his teeth and was speedily enveloping himself in a cloud of smoke.

"That face—those eyes!" muttered Van Rensselaer, in utter bewilderment; "the very voice too. Can the dead have returned to life? It is not possible!" With a powerful effort he roused himself from his stupor. "I beg your pardon, sir," he said, aloud, addressing his visitor. "Your name is Bright?"

"James Bright, late of Calaveras county, California," replied the stranger, bowing politely.

Again the familiar voice struck on the astonished ear of Van Rensselaer.

"It can not be," he muttered, with a nervous motion, pushing back the flaxen curls that clustered on his brow. "It is but a strong resemblance. You wish to see me, sir?" he said, again addressing the Californian.

"Yes, I've come some little distance expressly to see you," the stranger replied.

"Come some little distance?"

Mr. Bright said, carelessly.

"You have some business with me, then?"

"You bet!" replied the stranger, tersely.

"Explain your business, sir."

"Hadn't you better ask a fellow to take a chair in your ranche, David?"

Van Rensselaer started, as though he had received an electric shock. If the stranger had stricken him in the face he could not have astonished him more than by the simple utterance of his name.

"It is he," he muttered, beneath his breath; "by some strange chance of fortune he escaped from the cage of fire. He lives to call me to a reckoning."

"Are you talking to yourself or to me?" asked the Californian, between two great puffs of smoke.

"You are no stranger to me!" cried Van Rensselaer, suddenly.

"Of course not: haven't I introduced myself? Got my card in your paw now?"

"Oh! I know you!" cried Van Rensselaer, fiercely, an evil light shining in his eyes.

"Of course you do: James Bright, late of Calaveras county, California, ex-lawyer, ex-actor, and present detective officer."

"But I can call you by another name!" Van Rensselaer exclaimed.

"That is very likely."

"You are Royal Keene!"

"Oh, am I?" and the Californian looked at the New Yorker with an expression of wonder upon his face.

"Deception is useless; I recognize you, although you have changed greatly. You are the man I take you for."

"Now, don't ask me any questions because I hate to tell lies," said the stranger, coolly; "but, since you are really so anxious to know who and what I am, I'll corral a chair and talk to you." And even as he spoke the Californian coolly wheeled an easy-chair to the side of the center-table and sat down in it, still, however, keeping his hat upon his head and his cigar alight.

His mission was not one of peace, and he openly showed the signs of hostility.

Van Rensselaer, leaning upon the back of one of the large chairs, his face deadly pale, save where a hectic fever-spot burned in either cheek, awaited the speech of explanation.

"As you have guessed—for between you and I, I think that you are about the most sagacious gentleman that I have ever seen—you and I are old acquaintances," began the stranger, in his cool, easy way; "I won't say friends, because I don't really think that there was ever much friendship between us. Three years ago I was a poor, miserable devil. I'll tell you how I became so; how a Harvard student became a drunken lawyer. You and I were chums together at college; those days over, in the city we were apparently fast friends. I was your sister's lover, an accepted one too. Then my father died. Like many another man who has held up his head high in this great city, he died almost a beggar. His splendid income he had spent as fast as he received it. I woke one morning and found myself master of just one thousand dollars and no more. Foolishly I confided the truth to you—told you how small was the sum that I possessed. Friend-like you suggested a way to increase the sum. You plied me with liquor, then took me to a gaming-room on Twenty-third street. I hadn't any idea then that you, the wealthy, aristocratic David Van Rensselaer, was a silent partner in that gilded hell. When morning came I left that house a ruined man—a drunken beggar. Ten hours afterward you coolly informed me that, as I was penniless, I was no match for your sister, and that henceforth we must be as strangers to each other. From that moment I went down the ladder of degradation rapidly—champagne gave place to whisky, the fashionable club-room to the corner grocery. I managed to keep myself from starvation by pleading for the poor devils—even more wretched than myself—who were brought up before the Tombs Police Court. Then Fortune threw a chance for vengeance in my way: I got hold of certain papers concerning my estate. You came to my house for those papers. Again you played the rogue. You dosed me with drugged brandy, then stole the papers; in stealing them you took a human life—that of my poor companion, O'Kale; he detected you in your crime and you struck

him down like a dog. Through a crack in the wall, drugged as I was, I witnessed the tragedy, saw your knife crimsoned with his blood. Then to cover up your crime you set fire to the empty store below; you intended that both I and your senseless victim should perish in the flames. It was a scheme worthy of your heart of iron, but Heaven willed that I should escape. That happened just three years ago, and for these three years, day by day, almost hour by hour, have I thought of vengeance. The time has come at last. I have returned to New York to place the hangman's noose around your neck."

CHAPTER III.

THE ACTRESS AT HOME.

In the front room of a modest little two-story brick house on Twenty-second street, near Sixth avenue, a tall young girl was pacing up and down, an open book in her hand.

She was very pretty with her large, clear, gray-blue eyes, her golden-brown hair and her pure red and white complexion.

There was a sad look, though, to the fair young face, and once in a while a vacant expression in the lustrous eyes, which betrayed that there was something wanting to complete the girl's happiness.

She was dressed in a plain calico, with a white collar and dainty cuffs.

The room was plainly furnished, but the little pictures hung here and there upon the walls, and the little ornaments upon the mantelpiece, lent an air of refinement to the humble apartment.

The girl was Coralie, the actress. Coralie York as she called herself in private life; the last new face on the metropolitan boards.

The girl was roused from her study by a lively tap at the door, and a pert voice, full of life and spirit, cried out:

"May I come in? It's only Katie!"

And without waiting for permission, the door flew open, and a pretty black-eyed, black-haired girl of eighteen or twenty, dressed in a magnificent walking-dress, dashed into the apartment.

Coralie laid down her book, and, with a sweet smile on her innocent face, advanced to meet her visitor.

"Just like me; always disturbing you in your studies! What a regular nuisance I must be!" the new-comer exclaimed.

"Why, Katie, how can you say such a thing?" Coralie said, in wonder.

"Lord bless you! I'm capable of saying anything," replied the other.

"But, lay aside your hat and sit down, won't you?" the actress asked.

"I've come on purpose to spend the visitor, removing the dainty hat and flinging it carelessly, upon the snow-white counterpane of the bed.

The black-eyed little lady demands a brief notice at our hands.

Kate Blake, a daughter of the Emerald Isle, was better known, however, to the world at large as Mademoiselle Heloise, the famous French danseuse, one of the leading lights of the Black Crook ballet—lively, dashy girl, full of animal spirits, and overflowing with good-humor.

"I'm so glad," said Coralie, quickly; "I get very lonely sometimes."

"Why, don't your beau come to see you often?" cried Katie, in her impetuous way, and then suddenly stopped, in confusion.

Coralie blushed to her temples, and the soft eyes were cast upon the ground.

"Well, there, I didn't mean that. I'm real sorry. I'm always making such blunders," Katie said, in despair.

"Why, I'm sure you haven't said any thing wrong," Coralie replied, slowly.

"But, you colored up just as red as fire."

"Did I?" and the girl looked confused and helpless.

"Yes, but you're so different to me. Now I talk about my beans with everybody."

"Have you more than one?" Coralie asked, in amazement.

"Why, bless your little heart, I've got a dozen!" replied Katie, triumphantly. "I might have double that number if I liked, but it's too much trouble to take care of them."

"And do you like them all, equally well?"

"Oh, no!" cried the dancing girl, quickly; "there isn't one of them that I like like Joe."

"Ah, Joe is the favored one, then?"

"He's such a good fellow—and he's so smart. Joe is a newspaper man. He writes puffs about me; says that I am an angel, that my dancing is as light as a rose-leaf floating on a summer breeze, and a lot more just such pretty stuff. He's real sweet."

"His writings you mean?"

"Both!" Katie responded, emphatically.

"But he don't always write pretty. He writes about murders and prize-fights, and elections, and all such things."

"What paper is he attached to?"

"All of 'em," replied Katie, briskly; "it don't matter to him which one, as long as he gets a good price; as he said, it's a most astonishing thing, the worse the newspaper, the higher the price. And he goes and interviews people, too, and gets kicked downstairs."

"Why, how dreadful that must be!" interrupted Coralie.

"Oh, he says that he don't mind it now, if the stairs ain't too long; he's got used to it. I say, he says that he is disappointed if he doesn't get kicked out, because it makes such a good finish to the article. But, what are you studying, dear?"

"Juliet."

"Oh, that dreadful, love-sick thing! Why, they're not going to play that, are they?"

"No; I am only studying it for my own amusement."

"Well, I thought so, for Joe says that it's no use playing Shakespeare nowadays—that he's too slow for the present age—that they want Black Crooks, clog dances and red fire; that the public understand that sort of shows."

"I suppose he knows; but the language is beautiful," Coralie said, enthusiasm lighting her pale face.

"Yes, but it's too slow. How much salary do you get a week?" Katie asked, suddenly.

"Thirty dollars."

"And I get a hundred!" exclaimed the dancing girl, triumphantly. "You use your brains, and I use my toes, there's the difference. But, Coralie, don't you ever have any one come to see you—any young gentleman, I mean?" Katie asked, with a cunning glance at the crimsoning face of the young actress.

"Come, puss, tell the truth."

"Yes—some one used to come to see me—but he doesn't come now," she added, quickly, her soft eyes bent on the ground.

"Jose Moreno! You here!"

"Why doesn't he come now?"

"I—I don't know," Coralie said, shyly.

"Didn't you like to have him come?"

"Yes—but—"

"But what?"

"I didn't like him."

"But you liked him a little?"

"Yes."

"Bet you a pair of gloves, you dear old sweetie, that I can tell who it was!" cried Katie, stealing her arm around the waist of her friend.

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Coralie, in astonishment.

"I know you can not."

"David Van Rensselaer!"

"Ah!"

The young girl started in astonishment, and her face grew white as a sheet.

"How did you guess that?" she asked, her lips trembling, and the tear-drops standing in her large eyes.

"Don't be worried, dear," said Katie, caressingly, kissing the smooth cheek of the other. "Joe told me that he was an admirer of yours; that's the way I knew."

"You know that, with the exception of Doctor Warne, I haven't a single friend. It was the doctor that introduced Mr. Van Rensselaer to me, and since his death he has seemed quite near to me."

"Are you sure that you don't love him, you dear old girl?" Katie said, smoothing back the golden-brown hair from the forehead.

"Yes, I am sure."

"Well, if you don't love him, I wouldn't have him come to see you any more."

"Why not?"

"Because Joe says that he speaks about us who are on the stage. Of course they don't dare to talk about me, because almost everybody knows that Joe and I are engaged."

"Why, Joe wouldn't get into a quarrel?"

"Oh, no, not into a regular fight, my dear; he knows better than that. When he gets into a quarrel, he always goes and hires the biggest man he can find to do his fighting for him. He says it's much more gentlemanly than to fight himself. But you're sure that you don't love Mr. Van Rensselaer?"

"I did like him; always disturbing you in your studies! What a regular nuisance I must be!" the new-comer exclaimed.

"Why, Katie, how can you say such a thing?" Coralie said, in wonder.

"Lord bless you! I'm capable of saying anything," replied the other.

"But, lay aside your hat and sit down, won't you?" the actress asked.

"How nice!" exclaimed Katie, sympathetically.

"And who is it, and where is he?"

"I don't know; I haven't seen him for three years."

"What a long time!"

"Yes; before I went on the stage, I used to sell oranges in the street; I was quite small then; I have grown much taller in the last three years."

"And he used to buy your oranges?"

"Yes, sometimes, not very often, for he was very poor and couldn't afford it. He was very dissipated, too."

"And you loved him in spite of it?" asked Katie, in wonder.

"I'm so glad," said Coralie, quickly.

"Because—Oh! you've got

"To pull him out through the skylight, for it's right over the room where they've got him locked in."

"Good!—if it is so?"

"So?—of course it's so!"

"How to get up, now?"

"With a ladder."

"Ha! yes—the ladder."

She understood him; and, without further talk, they turned to where the ladder was leaning.

But, the task they contemplated was not an easy one. The material was heavy from exposure—had long lain in a place that was damp, even in the dryest weather—and their combined strength was barely sufficient to draw it up.

The labor was more severe, owing to the fact, that they durst not make any noise, for fear of discovery.

It was a long time ere they accomplished the half of their object; and Jose Moreno had left the house, on his errand of hate and murder, before they succeeded in placing the ladder against the eaves of the higher roof.

Jack was first to ascend. When he reached the top he uttered an exclamation of satisfaction. There was the skylight, as he had expected, and it was over the apartment in which Hercules was confined. He stepped over it at once.

Lu did not imitate him. She had discovered the trap leading to the interior of the house; and, in her fearless nature, she resolved to enter, to confront the enemies of the Hunchback, at every hazard.

Willis mashed in a pane of glass, and called, guardedly:

"Hello, down there?"

"Well?" was the answering inquiry.

"I'm going to get you out."

"You are a friend?"

"Of course I am—"

"Go for help, then," interrupted the prisoner.

"No use in that; I'll get you up through here."

"I must go out through the door. I'll go no other way."

"That's nonsense—"

"Do as I say, if you are a friend. Make haste. Mortimer Gascon is at No. —, street, and he will wonder at my long absence."

"The man's half lunatic!" thought Willis. "Mortimer Gascon—who's he? Oh, yes!—brother-in-law to old Nelson Greville. I knew him well. Yes, I knew him."

He returned to the ladder, and rapidly made his way to the ground—entirely forgetting Lu for the moment, and not noticing that she had disappeared.

Running out at the alley, he collided with a figure that stood near the steps, and a dark statue.

"Out of the road, you jackass!" he grunted, recovering his breath, with a gasp, but he exclaimed, immediately:

"Why, hello—Greville?"

"Yes—me—"

"Why did you fail to meet me at the station?"

"No time now to answer questions!" interrupted the detective. "We're in for a grand row! This house is full of Tom-cats and reprobates! Jose Moreno, Miguel—"

"Jose Moreno, you say?"

"Yes—"

"Then I was right. I was passing here, and saw the ruffian come out. I thought he looked like one of the men who tried to assassinate me in New Orleans."

"Yes, yes; but there's no time to waste. You'll find Mortimer Gascon at No. —, street. Maybe he needs you, right away. My hands are full. Hurry yourself. I'm off!" He darted across the street, to halt two men who were hurrying past, intending to enlist their services in the liberation of the Hunchback.

Evard Greville—the true Evard Greville—was not a little mystified by the detective's excitement. But he caught and understood the mention of Mortimer Gascon, and, fearing that his uncle was in danger, he started, at a swift pace, to find the house Jack Willis had named.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE CLIMAX.

THE negress and the Indian woman glared at each other with all the ferocious hatred of rival beasts disputing a prey.

"What do you want here?" demanded the crane.

"The man who is in that room."

"There's nobody in there. Be off!"

"You lie, you witch!—Hercules, the Hunchback, is a prisoner in there. Let him out!"

"I shall not!" snapped she, perceiving that attempted falsehood was useless.

"But you will!"

"Try me, and see!" defied Lala, her eyes flashing, while she crouched to receive the leap she saw her enemy was about to make.

At that juncture, Miguel appeared at the door of the medicine-room. In one hand he held the heavy iron ladle, and he held this toward her, while he cried:

"Here!—take this, Lala, and beat her in pieces! I can't stop, or I would help you! Kill her before she can pray! I must be off!" He dashed toward the stairway, intent upon escaping; for he plainly saw that Lala was hardly a match for the muscular negress—he had felt her prowess, and cared not to face her again in combat; more, he saw that Hercules must soon be at liberty; and to be in the house, with the Hunchback free, was to be in the very jaws of death.

But the Spaniard was not to get off. At one spring Lu left the ladder, and landed directly in his path.

Miguel's hand was upon his revolver in an instant, for he divined her purpose.

Ere he could use the weapon, the barrel-stave whizzed above his head, and descended with terrific force.

He tried to dodge—in vain; and, uttering a tremulous groan, he sunk down insensible.

But the negress was soon busy. Lala rushed upon her, and, with artful precision, dealt her a blow with the massive ladle.

Lu staggered; and before she could recover from the blow, the Indian woman had grappled with her—biting, scratching, tearing—fighting with limb, tooth and nail, and striving to fasten her decayed snags in the throat of her antagonist.

With the fury of a mad wolf, the supples of a snake—now yelping, now hissing, now spitting and snapping like a monstrous cat, she sorely pressed Lu to her utmost resistance.

But we have already seen the nerve of the negress, in an unequal combat with two

strong men; and when she recovered from the first shock, she, too, uttered a yell, and bent her muscles to the fierce struggle.

Dropping the stave, she doubled one fist, while she wound an arm round the neck, and forced her chin up—then, like a hammer, fell the fist, and Lala shrieked with pain.

Tripping over the prostrate form of Miguel, they rolled down the stairs, continued the fight on the landing—then went tumbling, doubling, screaming, gouging, down to the lower hall.

Lu shook herself loose, and bounded back up the stairway—just as Willis, with two men close at his heels, entered by the front door.

"Hold that witch!" cried she, to the detective.

But Lala had breathed her last. As they fell down the steps, her head had caught between the uprights of the banister, twisted her necks nearly in two, and she was dead.

Willis mashed in a pane of glass, and called, guardedly:

"Hello, down there?"

"Well?" was the answering inquiry.

"I'm going to get you out."

"You are a friend?"

"Of course I am—"

"Go for help, then," interrupted the prisoner.

"No use in that; I'll get you up through here."

"I must go out through the door. I'll go no other way."

"That's nonsense—"

"Do as I say, if you are a friend. Make haste. Mortimer Gascon is at No. —, street, and he will wonder at my long absence."

"The man's half lunatic!" thought Willis. "Mortimer Gascon—who's he? Oh, yes!—brother-in-law to old Nelson Greville. I knew him well. Yes, I knew him."

He returned to the ladder, and rapidly made his way to the ground—entirely forgetting Lu for the moment, and not noticing that she had disappeared.

Running out at the alley, he collided with a figure that stood near the steps, and a dark statue.

"Out of the road, you jackass!" he grunted, recovering his breath, with a gasp, but he exclaimed, immediately:

"Why, hello—Greville?"

"Yes—me—"

"Why did you fail to meet me at the station?"

"No time now to answer questions!" interrupted the detective. "We're in for a grand row! This house is full of Tom-cats and reprobates! Jose Moreno, Miguel—"

"Jose Moreno, you say?"

"Yes—"

"Then I was right. I was passing here, and saw the ruffian come out. I thought he looked like one of the men who tried to assassinate me in New Orleans."

"Yes, yes; but there's no time to waste. You'll find Mortimer Gascon at No. —, street. Maybe he needs you, right away. My hands are full. Hurry yourself. I'm off!" He darted across the street, to halt two men who were hurrying past, intending to enlist their services in the liberation of the Hunchback.

Evard Greville—the true Evard Greville—was not a little mystified by the detective's excitement. But he caught and understood the mention of Mortimer Gascon, and, fearing that his uncle was in danger, he started, at a swift pace, to find the house Jack Willis had named.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE HEIR OF BROADHURST.

her out, and she hired two rascals to drown me out on the lake. They came pretty near doing it, too! But I got off, and went to New Orleans—scared pretty near to death! I became a detective. While playing my profession there, I met your nephew. He told me what he'd been through, and what he wanted to do. I wanted some satisfaction myself in the same direction; and so we came to Chicago. I was on the track of a house-thief, named Miguel, at the time; and to-night I saw him here. But our friend, the crookback, kindly saved me some trouble by thumping the fellow's brains out! And there's one of the remarkable sketches of my life. We're all here, aren't we? Now, I guess every thing will soon be all right!"

"How did you come by this?" asked Zone, indicating the MS. "Delia Rivers had it."

"Found it on the stair-landing, at the house where we've just had a muss," was all the explanation he could give.

(The manic had, with a quick motion, deposited the valuable papers up in one corner of the stair-landing, when she was following Jose Moreno and the crone to the second story of the latter's house; and the roll had remained there unseen, until the keen glance of the detective had discovered it.)

If there is more to add, let the reader excuse his or her imagination.

We have finished our work—and woven another item into the events of that memorable night, when Chicago sunk in ruins under the scourge of fire.

THE END.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLIET,
AUTHOR OF "UNDER THE CLOUD."

CHAPTER XXX.

FACE TO FACE.

DORANT crossed the room to open the door, which was never kept fastened during the day.

George Miles was defending it with his "thundering big stick," against two persons.

"Oh, if my dog were only alive!" he was saying; "wouldn't he have peppered both of you? and they could only bring it in manslaughter against a quadruped?"

"No, George," interposed Dorant; "Dorant nodded affirmatively.

"It is right!" exclaimed young Duclos, no longer able to keep silence. "You have studied for years to invent tortures for your blameless wife; and now you hope by an absurd calamity to overwhelm her, and prevent her daughter's marriage! You had your own reasons for getting that lady's husband out of the way—that you might wed her, and come into the fortune! But you had not the courage to strike the blow yourself, and you hired accomplices. Is not this man one of them?" he asked of Dorant, pointing to Hugh Rawd.

"Hugh Rawd, crushed by these discoveries, had shrunk into the corner, his shaking hand grasping the weapon concealed in his breast-pocket. Even the more dauntless criminal was staggered. He grew pale, but recovered his self-possession.

"A preposterous accusation!" his white lips articulated.

"It is one you shall answer for, both of you!" cried the young man. "You villain does not leave this room till he is in the hands of the officers of justice."

"It is one thing to threaten, and another to perform, as you will find," Hugh replied.

"How my fingers do itch to strangle him—the vampire!" muttered George.

"I had best get out of the way, or the temptation may prove too great for me." He stole on tiptoe toward the door. "Be quiet, monkey, or I will put you in your box." On second thoughts he turned back.

"I may be wanted yet. Prudence is the better part of valor."

"Now, sir," resumed Marlit, "to return to business, I require, first, your surrender of that pocket-book, which, by your own confession, you stole from its owner!"

"Stole? A word I never used," retorted Dorant. "I took it from a man who was not its owner."

"How do you know he was not? Why did you take it?"

"Because I heard him say he could ruin with the papers it contained a lady over whose safety I watched. That is my answer to your last question. To your first I reply: he can not be the owner of the papers—for on their face they bear evidence that they are the property of others. Would you know what they are?"

Dorant stood leaning on the arm of young Duclos.

Frank was very pale and greatly agitated by what he had heard. He clasped Dorant's trembling hand, holding her arm pressed to his side, and looked sternly at the newcomer.

Dorant preceded them, and they were followed by George, leading the monkey by his string.

"These gentlemen," observed Lewis, with a grim smile, "appear to have had some trouble in effecting an entrance. George thought we wished to be alone. But we had just been speaking of them—"

"I am; and I know that I shall lose the estate,"

"And you are going to give them up, nevertheless?"

"They shall be given up to-morrow."

"No, sir," exclaimed Madeleine, eagerly.

"We shall restore them to their rightful owners. Too long have they been kept from their dues. It was for that I brought them to you; it was for that he sent them to me!"

"All very fine!" commented Marlit, with a sneer meant to be incredulous. "And what do you mean to do with these important papers, if I may be so curious as to ask?"

"You have nothing to do with my intention, Mr. Marlit."

"Destroy them, no doubt."

"No, sir," exclaimed Madeleine, eagerly.

"We shall restore them to their rightful owners. Too long have they been kept from their dues. It was for that I brought them to you; it was for that he sent them to me!"

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Our Arm-Chair.

Chat.—One of the most significant evidences of material progress in this country is the number and circulation of daily and weekly papers, and of the periodical magazines. The aggregate is simply immense—for beyond what any ordinary observer would suspect. No means has hitherto existed by which to obtain this aggregate, but in the exquisitely-printed and substantially-bound octavo American Newspaper Directory of George P. Rowell & Co., we have the data, in very perfect and luminous shape, by which to learn not only of aggregates, but of details of circulation of every paper in the United States! Such a compend, with all its collateral information regarding towns, their population, chief business features, etc., etc., is truly a most welcome contribution to statistics, and to the person who wants to know how, when and where to advertise, it is almost invaluable. The book is at once a Guide to the Population, Intelligence and Geography of towns and counties in all the States, and a wonderfully painstaking and generally trustworthy indicator of the comparative value of each and every advertising medium in the entire country. The volume is a credit to the great advertising firm whose enterprise has produced it, and a real blessing to all who are interested at all in American journalism, either as editors, publishers, journalists or advertisers.

Among the multitude of papers and magazines designed for women must be named the *Lady's Friend*, monthly, of Philadelphia, edited by Mrs. Henry Peterson. It is admirably adapted for that large class of American women who want to know "what is the fashion," and like, with that knowledge, a seasoning of sketch, story and sprightly-conveyed information on household subjects.

"Society" readers rejoice over the establishment, in this city, of the *Fifth Avenue Journal*, a weekly record of social, dramatic and artistic doings, and a journal of light literature for the fireside and travel. The paper, we learn, is quite a success, as it deserves, for its tone is refined and its literary conduct discriminating and judicious.

A contributor writes: "I must say I am surprised—there have been such doubts as to the payment for MS. before, but the editors and I always got the benefit of the doubt. I have found one honest editor at last! I can hold you and the editors of the *Christian Union*, for all the rest, as models of gentlemanly kindness and courtesy." Whey! For what papers has our contributor hitherto been writing?

MISERIES.

SITTING for a photograph with all the patience of an image, and then have the operator look at you instead of his watch, spoiling the plate and obliging you to sit for another! I have seen enough of that business to last me a great while. I have undergone the torture of sitting in the chair of pain, with one hand resting gracefully on the marble-topped table, and looking straight at the camera. Oh! didn't I consider the time interminable, and didn't I feel like winking, or making up faces? Yes, dear, and didn't I talk to myself a bit? I know I thought to myself thus: "Well, now isn't this ridiculous of you, Eve, to sit up here like a scarecrow, just to gratify somebody, who wants your face? If the result isn't the photograph of a lone lorn and much-to-be-pitied individual, I shall never agree with myself again."

How cool the photographer was! Had he forgotten me and gone to sleep? No; he was as careless and *nonchalant* as could be. At last I was allowed to move, and I verily believe if I hadn't been in a strange place, I should have danced an impromptu Highland Fling, but I didn't; I only sighed, and was thankful that the infliction was over. Of course I was not satisfied with the picture, but the photographer assured me it was a most admirable likeness—that he had never taken a better. I suppose he would have said so if it was as black as a coal. That is probably his stereotyped speech. I complained that the bow at my collar was sideways. "It was so in the original." "But you should have told me of it." "I never dictate to a lady, and I didn't know but it might be the fashion—fashions change so often, and are often very peculiar."

Untold misery comes in the shape of venturing out in a driving snow-storm to attend a funny lecture, given by Mark Twain, the Fat Contributor, or Josh Billings, and upon arriving at the hall, finding that the severity of the storm has prevented their arrival, but "Prof. Drone has kindly consented to enliven the audience with a few remarks." There he keeps us for a couple of hours with dissertations upon "Gunshot Wounds," "Epilepsy and its Treatment," and a few more sickening suggestions, almost making you wish he had them all combined. Poor humanity! If it suffers as much in the profession of these maladies as we do in hearing Dr. Drone comment upon them, I pity the sufferers from the bottom of my heart.

Then there's the misery of reading a heartrending account of some poor man away out in India, being nearly burned alive, and while we are sympathizing with him in his agony, we find "he was restored to complete health, and was made a new being by the use of three boxes of Prof. Bingham's celebrated never known to fail salve. I abominate editors who *allow* such advertisements in their columns, and doubtless they feel better for my dislike.

Another misery is to be a funny man by profession and receive an invitation to a party, being expected to say nothing serious all through the evening, and because you are not "in the humor" you are set down as pilfering all the fun you put in the paper, because you can not manufacture wit upon every occasion.

The chief misery of all is endeavoring to write an essay with greasy paper, spring-halt pens, and the ink half-frozen, and no idea in your noddle. If you can't imagine anything more miserable, keep it to yourself!

EVERY LAWLESS

Footscap Papers.

A Romance.

ONCE upon a time, before—very long before—you little boys had begun to wear boots, while yet you were in the nurse's arms and had somebody to wash your faces at least once a week, there lived in a certain town, not mentioned in the history of the middle ages, a nobleman and gallant cavalier by the euphonious title of Patrick McInegan.

This redoubtable knight, not caring much for the honors of leading troops of mail-clad men into glorious battle, or going about redressing human wrongs, pursued the even tenor of his way by going about and working for day's wages at whatever his royal hands could get to do. He was remarkable for being master of every trade, except the ones which he followed. The affairs of state didn't lie quite as heavily on his shoulders as did his host of mortal, which trade he carried on the strongest, except when he heard the other cry of "more brick."

This gay cavalier, possessing the most poetical sentiments, in his hours of ease took his pipe out of his mouth and made love to a fairy, whose earthly name was registered as Biddy O'Rourke, and who, when she didn't have her Sunday duds on, or when Pat wasn't in the kitchen, did the cooking in a small family, where there was no daylight, work light and references exchanged.

There did he beguile her heart by singing in true knightly fashion those touching ballads of Rory O'More, Drops o' Whisky, etc., with the occasional interludes of knocking the ashes out of his pipe on his head; and often did she lose herself in admiration of his courtly figure as he would trip the light fantastic brogan in the sinuous mazes of the Irish reel.

By and by he offered her his royal self and promised to make her queen of his realm in this style, throwing himself before her: "Arrah! and jebes (Italian for how's your mother) and it's meself that would like to marry you, Biddy; and if you were thinking the same by me, let us both get married." Instead of disappearing in a cloud, as you are expecting to hear that she did, she wiped her eye with the corner of her apron and sighed: "Indade, we'll do that, provided you don't set the day too far off. *Cushla-ma-chree*." (Spanish for I love you for that nose of yours.)

So the day was set, and the news of the betrothal soon spread to the neighboring dominions (other kitchens) with the rapidity of Biddy's own tongue, which was something quick, and it is noted in the chronicles of the historian that with the introduction of love into the kitchen, the cooking suffered a good deal, but some folks are too particular about their victuals.

Now this invincible warrior, Don Patrick McFinnegan, noted for his deeds of arms—he could jerk a cow over the fence by the tail—looked around over his broad domains and found that he hadn't a foot of land in the world nor anywhere else; but, it was the mere matter of a moment for him to unlock the doors of his vast treasury, and purchase a wide scope of country, beginning at the very corporation line of the town

and extending thence west in the direction of the Pacific Ocean—forty-two feet—and stretching north and south in the direction of the Poles, the enormous distance of sixty-four feet. I wish I could have said "miles."

It was Pat's boast that he could stand in the center of it all day without coming to the end of it.

Like other renowned princes, Pat wanted a castle to take his bride to when they were married, and, riding over his territories, he found there was no such thing as a castle to be found on them; so he inquired the price of granite, and finding that granite would come cheaper than marble and last longer, he set right to work with the energy characteristic of his sex, and with the assistance of a small boy, built a castle of boards. Some castles took many years in building, but it was this knight's boast that he completed his in three days.

Instead of cutting it up into endless halls and labyrinthine rooms, he made one room out of the whole of it, and ran the staircase through the roof; and as he couldn't get an artist to come and fresco the walls for nothing, he left them just as they were, saying that, if at some future day when gold leaf got plainer in New York, he wouldn't buy any, but would whitewash the walls himself.

He scoured the country far and wide for a span of noble horses, but as he couldn't find any but what belonged to somebody else, he did the next best thing he could do by going and buying a couple of pigs, and, as he couldn't get a fine brouache to suit him (in terms) he always kept a wheelbarrow handy, lying on its back, with its legs in the air.

Finding that angles in a building were in conformity with the Elizabethan order, he set to work and built an L to his castle, designed for his retainers, but practically to keep his pigs in. He measured his floor for an imported carpet, but as merchants had the miserly habit of charging for them, he left them just as they were, saying that, if at some future day when gold leaf got plainer in New York, he wouldn't buy any, but would whitewash the walls himself.

With the true eye of a landscape gardener, he laid out his vast grounds in picturesque rows, and set out his ornamental potatoes, interspersed here and there with little groves of cabbages for grateful shade, as their leaves are larger than any other trees.

When every thing was finished in the highest style of art, Pat took a drink and a spy-glass, and surveyed it from all points, well satisfied; while, as yet, he had said nothing to his affianced, who thought he was poor but honest.

The day came. Pat scraped the mud from his boots, rolled down his sleeves, and they were married. If you read the history of France carefully, in the eighteenth chapter you will find a most gorgeous description of this wedding left out. Then they took a walk, and, coming to the grand castle, Prince Patrick took his pipe out of his mouth and said: "All of this is mine and thine." When the princess said: "And it's a broth of a boy ya iz," she fainted. There they ever afterward lived happily together, and the pigs and children got fat and saucy. You should all try to be princes.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Our Omnibus.

If the following isn't good poetry it points a good moral—which is something in these days of "smiling" over a gun-cutter:

PADDY POD.
Poor Paddy Pod
Carried the hod;
Upon his shoulder broad;
He sung by day
A little jay;
As up he'd go he'd
Nip trouble mind,
Cared he to find
Toiled at his labor mild;
So happily
Indeed was he
That often he "smiled."
One luckless day,
The third of May,
Eight hundred and sixty-six,
Brought a jay
He got stuck in
And fell down with some bricks.

The whisky son
Recovered not;
The coroner gave it—that
He really died
Because he tried
To put bricks in his hat.

BILLY POTTS.

A reader, none of whose relatives, we are assured, were hung or have run for Congress, and who lives on his own resources, writes us this item of information:

The readers of the SATURDAY JOURNAL have been very anxious to get at the bottom of a certain secret, which they could not find out, so here it is:

The "White Witch" in company with "Overland Kit" have been trying to steal the "Black Crescent," but to do it they must have the help of the "Wolf Demon," with the "Scarlet Hand," but they have been betrayed by "Old Grizzly," who in company with "Duke White" and "Wiffi Nathan" were on the track of the "Masked Miner," the man with the "Heart of Fire," who had been "Out in the World" hunting for the "Red Rajah," the commander of the "Ocean Girl." The "Boy Clown" hearing this went to the "Banker's Ward" to find out a certain "Dark Secret," but she told him that she was "Oath Bound" by "Besie Raynor" not to reveal it to him, because the "Blackfoot Queen" with the "Ebon Mask" was "Love Blind," and that the "College Rivals" had "Tracked to Death" "Orphan Nell," with the "Shadowed Heart," who would not reveal to them the whereabouts of "Ludwig, the Wolf," for whose person "50,000 Reward" had been offered by "Washington Whitehorn," "Jos. Jot," and the "Fat Contributor."

N. B. To be continued.

Some fellow who has been there reports to us from Arcadia as follows:

LOVE.
Holiest sentiment, sweetly absorbing,
Stealing o'er spirit and soul,
Diffusing a joy between gladness and weeping,
Thrilling like music's sweet roll.

Wilder and sweeter than music's soft moaning;
Gu-hsing on night's pale wing;
Brighter and clearer than beams of resplendence;
Rushing from day's flashing king.

Wave of Eternity wandering earthward,
Crested with purity's light,
Essence of Beauty. Love inexpressible,
Illumining life's darkest night.

D. E. K.

Our special correspondent from Hardtack, Mr. A. Dunc, Jr., sends this by express:

Two sports, having no way to kill time, met one morning, and one asked the other:

"Jim, what are we going to do to kill time this week?"

"Well," replied Jim, "I don't know or care what you are going to do, but I have got something for a week ahead."

"Well," answered the first speaker, "you bet I'm glad, because sometimes you're so weak-headed as to actually be a bore."

If we were all philosophers, how wise we should be! As we are not all relatives by direct descent to Diogenes, we have to defer to those who evidently are of his race, as must be the following expositor:

HITS-IN-BITS.

It is very easy for a wise man to undo the work of a fool, but it is easier for him to make a fool of himself by so doing.

When old folks make such horrible wry faces over the follies of their children, they forget that they are only making faces at themselves.

There will be a somewhat uncomfortable feeling on the day of judgment, if Christ receives us as coldly as we receive those who call on us for food and comfort.

If some of those strong-minded women, leading advocates of "female suffrage," would show a little more pure womanly love toward their so-called male enemies, and let a few smiles and blushes now and then bewitch their faces, instead of using the bombastic language that we daily hear from them, and carrying such ugly, dried-up faces wherever they go, they might succeed a little faster in their "free-love" enterprise.

Encouragement for young singers: There is very little music in the bones of a mule, but remember "every little helps."

Why is a married man more apt to become a Christian than a single man? Because a single man has no one to care for but himself, looks on life as a beautiful dream, and doubts the existence of a future hell.

While a married man, having some one to care for, has a foretaste of misery, and is willing to do any thing that is honest to escape a deeper pit of misery.

ARNOLD ISLER.

Short Stories from History.

Origin of the Drama.—Greece, the nursery of the arts and sciences, was the parent of the Drama; at least there is no record of having been known among more ancient nations. The different States of Greece have contested the honor of its birth, but it is generally attributed to the Athenians, who derived its origin from the hymns which were sung in the festivals of Bacchus in honor of that deity. While these resounded in the ears of the multitude, choruses of Bacchants and Fauns ranged round certain images, which they carried in triumphant procession, chanting indecent songs, and sometimes sacrificing individuals to public ridicule.

Why this was the practice in the cities, a still greater licentiousness reigned in the worship

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PICTURE OF INNOCENCE.

BY T. J. G.

Two little children at play,
Giving the ring on the morrow;
All through the bright summer day
Knowing no care and no sorrow.

Two little faces so white,
Under their little hats beaming,
Four little eyes, all so bright,
Always so roguishly gleaming.

Four little patter feet,
Always in mischief a-saying,
Tearing up what is to repeat,
Childhood again, and be playing.

Healthy and bright as the morn,
Fresh as the breath of the wildwood;
Where is the man that would scorn
To linger awhile in his childhood?

Two little children at prayer,
Four little hands tightly folded;
Oh! such a mischievous pair!
Yet, most too good to be scolded.

Two little forms in their beds,
Peacefully, quietly sleeping;
Two little curly brown heads
Out from the coverlets peeping.

Ruler of day and of night,
Grant them thy surest protection!
Teach them the wrong and the right,
And that thy way is perfection.

Helen's Secret.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

A DARK-HAIRED, brown-eyed girl, with a clear, fair skin, and small scarlet lips, arch'd like a Cupid's bow, but that just now were slightly parted, and trembling with half-suppressed displeasure.

Just across the room, lounging in an attitude of careless gracefulness over the back of the tall reception-chair, George Templeton was watching every play of those clear-cut features he had learned to love so dearly in the past sunny summer days, that had passed so quickly and rapturously away.

He was just a trifle amused at the honest indignation in Helen Woodville's eyes as she fixed them fearlessly on his own half-laughing, half-questioning blue ones; he had only asked her one simple question, but it had brought that little tempest of fire into her eyes and cheeks. "Only one simple question" he had put to her, as indifferently as he could, for truth to chronicle, George Templeton learned, petted and handsome as he was, was just the wee tiniest bit jealous of—Helen's secret.

He had not troubled himself much about it before they were engaged, though there were not a few venom-tongues who had openly told him there was something amiss with "that Helen Woodville;" but latterly, when everybody knew they were to be married at the Christmastide, and nearly every other person he met had something to remark about "Miss Woodville's peculiarities" he, too, began to wonder what it all meant.

Not that he cared a jot about it, he reasoned to himself, only, with a sort of natural curiosity, he merely thought he would like to know about this "queerness" of the sweet, beautiful girl who had promised, with quivering mouth and tear-peared eyes, to all his own.

Not that George Templeton believed aught against her fair fame.

He proudly flattered himself that he, of all people, knew what a pure, womanly girl she was; yet, now that he had quite and lovingly said to her, that bright afternoon:

"By the way, Helen, I would like to unravel this fearful mystery that envelopes you—and know, for certain, what it is that takes you, an hour every morning and an hour every afternoon, away from your boarding-house."

Then the brown eyes had flashed, and the fair cheeks surged over with the deepest carnation tint.

"George! is it possible you have been listening to all Greenvale's gossip? I thought you above such petty littleness!"

And her evasive answers, and her evident confusion, although her words were prompt and ringing, stung him to the soul.

"I hope I am above all ' littleness,' Helen, but every tongue says—"

She interrupted his low, grave words in her own hasty, impetuous way:

"What do I care for what they say? if you choose to believe them in preference to me—why, you have your choice."

She walked proudly away from him toward the door; he sprang and detained her.

"Helen! we must not quarrel—we, who love each other so. I would not wound you for the world, darling, only I thought your secrets should be mine, that I might defend you before jealous people who seek to damage you."

He endeavored to take her hand, but it was firm as the door-knob, and when he glanced brightly in her face, he knew by the stormy gloomy there, that her pride, sensitive soul was stung to the very quick.

"Defame me—me!"

She answered quickly, and then her mouth closed tightly, as if she feared herself to speak.

"But remember, dearest, I share no one's cruel suspicions."

"Indeed!" and a sneer curled her beautiful mouth; a sneer that was half a smile, displaying her small white teeth; "Am I to be so very grateful to you that you condense to wear my colors after you have heard such terrible calumny against me?"

"Don't Helen! you are so angry now, you—"

"Yes, George Templeton, angry, yet not afraid to acknowledge to you, in words, that there is a secret, which all Greenvale, and doubtless yourself, would be delighted to share, but which no human being shall share until the proper time, in my estimation, arrives."

And with a haughty nod of her head that dismissed him as effectually as language could have done, she left his presence, flushed and almost choked by her swift heartbeats; while he, grave, quiet, thoughtful, took his hat and departed from Mrs. Corley's parlor—Helen's boarding-place, and her only home.

Poor Helen! George Templeton had so often pitted her because she was an orphan; and so many times pictured to himself and sketched for her, the delightful home of which she should be mistress.

And now, he had inadvertently offended her! he never had seen her so angry before, and he heartily wished, as he walked away, that he had bitten his tongue before he had spoken.

Four years, with all their varied changes, had brought still greater ones to, at least, two people out of all the wide world—and

although George Templeton, as he sat in his back office, poring over long, dizzy-looking rows of figures, little knew to whom or how good fortune had come, he did realize most painfully that it had fled from him, right suddenly too.

He was heartsick for more than one reason, that winter night, as he sat in the lonely office, listening to the sullen sweeping of the wind down the chimney, and hearing the monotonous tramp of the private watchman as he stalked along the block.

First, because latest and worst, this failure that must come, in a few days at furthest, was telling terribly on him. He was always so fortunate before, and his heaviest speculations had turned copper into gold—until just now, when fifty thousand dollars, nearly every penny he owned in the wide world, had disappeared in some hungry vortex, never more to return.

He was disheartened and discouraged as he sat there, vainly trying to examine those dancing figures, to his hot brain and eye-balls, seemed like myriads of little demons, laughing and rejoicing on the hock.

The door opened, and Madge, dressed up in her many-colored costume, entered.

At first, Mr. Skittles' weak vision did not penetrate her disguise, and he said, crisply:

"Go, about your business, ma'am; we don't want any Voodooring or fortune-telling here."

"Don't you know me better than that?" replied Madge, advancing, and looking him in the face.

"Why, goodness me!" and he put on his glasses and took a long stare at the odd-looking creature before him. "I've seen you often on the streets; and so you are Margaret Moulton, alias the Voodo Queen of the First Municipality?"

"Yes," she answered, placing her basket of herbs upon the table; "I use this disguise to protect myself from insult, and to work out a living as well!"

"Quite original. Upon my conscience, I wouldn't have known a bit of you. But, my dear madam, you can do better than sell herbs; you can make him support you. Why don't you do it? Money is better; that is, it will go a great deal further than revenge, and be altogether more satisfactory."

The woman's face was burning red underneath the yellow stain, as she replied: "I wouldn't touch a cent of his money; it would appear to me like Gertie's blood-money; and, besides, I want ample satisfaction."

"But, would not money satisfy you? I don't mean, mind you, a miserable stipend, but a good round sum."

"No!" impatiently. "I don't want money."

"You had better think again," he said, astonished at her vindictiveness; "remember, my dear madam, money is money."

She looked sharply, suspiciously, into his face, as she said: "Why do you wish to settle this matter in this way?"

The question was unexpected, and it brought the blood to the little ugly face, but Skittles managed to call up a sickly smile, and answer:

"For no other reason, ma'm, than to benefit you. Possibly there is not another attorney at the New Orleans bar that would advise you to do this, for the very reason that your acceptance of it would take money out of my own pocket. Yes, ma'm, out of my own pocket. Now that seems strange to you, doubtless?" and here he tossed his head to one side, and shut tight his right eye, staring all the time, at a tremendous rate, out of the other, "but my heart is human, not professional. I have tried to be sordid and selfish like other men, but I can't; no, struggle as I will, I can't."

He seemed very sorry that his heart was made of such tender stuff, but the woman was not to be deceived by this cheap display of grief, and, lifting her basket, she said, curiously: "So your heart is too soft, eh? Well, sir, there are others who will be glad to attend to my business for me."

She was about to say "good-morning," when Mr. Skittles bounded out of his seat as if he was composed, in a great measure, of India rubber, and, laying his hand coaxingly upon her arm, said:

"You jump at conclusions altogether too readily when you think that I would not prosecute your suit, my dear madam. I'm well aware of the fact that you can obtain any amount of advice, yes, madam, any amount, but—" and here he paused and looked at her with an assumed benevolence of expression that in any other instance might have been irresistible, but in the present case was wholly lost on Madge, who simply said, in a frigid way:

"Well, Mr. Skittles?"

"Well, ma'm, as I was going to remark, you will find few gentlemen in legal circles who will step out of the beaten path of professional labors, as I have done, to advise you to settle on a money basis."

"But I don't want money," snapped Madge, impatiently.

"I understand that now," he answered, "and be it far from me to force, either by innuendo or direct, any client of mine into a line of policy not congenial to their taste. If you say *shore* matters, I'll push him against the wall in a twinkling."

"That's what I want done," replied Madge. "When will you begin?"

"Sit down," he said, pointing to a chair and sinking into one himself. "Now, the first thing is, what do we intend to prove? Please run over the main facts, as you did last night, and I'll get them down."

"Don't you remember what I told you only last evening?"

"Oh, yes, very well; that is, I've a general idea of the case, but I want the dates and details, you know. Nothing hits a jury as hard in a case like this as dates."

He picked up his pen and waited for her to begin.

Madge looked down upon the floor a moment, then into the wee, expectant face in front of her, and after passing her eyes over her forehead a number of times, she said, in a slow hesitating way:

"My poor brain is very weak, and I've been treated so cruelly in this world, that I've got Gertie's trouble all mixed up with my own. Let me see. Do you want me to begin at the first?"

"Yes, certainly; at the first."

"Well, then, the beginning was Harold Holcombe's coming to our home in Huntsville, Alabama."

"That was, when?" interrupted Skittles.

"That was in July, 1837, I think."

"Very good; July, '37," he put down the date.

"Well, go on."

"He remained there all that summer and winter, and in March of the following year he married my sister, Gertrude Moulton, who everybody called the beauty of Alabama."

Without Mercy:

OR,
THREADS OF PURE GOLD.

A TALE OF TWO CONTINENTS.

BY BARTLEY T. CAMPBELL,
AUTHOR OF "IN THE WEB," "OUT IN THE WORLD,"
"LAURA'S PERIL," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

LAWYER AND CLIENT.

On the following morning Byron Skittles, Esq., was seated in his office, looking over some legal documents, a pair of glasses on his large nose, and his big feet planted on the top of a small black table, while his diminutive body was almost lost in the depths of an immense leather-lined chair.

He had scanned over the papers, reassured them, and was about to rise when a tap at the door caused him to take off his glasses, put down his feet, as he said: "Come in."

The door opened, and Madge, dressed up in her many-colored costume, entered.

At first, Mr. Skittles' weak vision did not penetrate her disguise, and he said, crisply:

"Go, about your business, ma'am; we don't want any Voodooring or fortune-telling here."

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"Quite original. Upon my conscience, I wouldn't have known a bit of you. But, my dear madam, you can do better than sell herbs; you can make him support you. Why don't you do it? Money is better; that is, it will go a great deal further than revenge, and be altogether more satisfactory."

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"Yes, certainly; at the first."

"Well, then, the beginning was Harold Holcombe's coming to our home in Huntsville, Alabama."

"That was, when?" interrupted Skittles.

"That was in July, 1837, I think."

"Where did you come from?" interrupted Holcombe, out of all patience.

"New Orleans," coolly replied Skittles, dropping into a chair, and making room for his hat on the table beside him.

"When did you leave there?"

"At five o'clock this evening."

"Well, go on; what brought you here?" demanded Harold.

"Can't you guess?"

"No, sir. I can't guess; I've no time for guessing. Go on; don't you see I'm all impatience?"

Skittles lifted his heavy brows and looked his questioner calmly in the face. "I see," he said. "I came up with Madge."

With Madge?" ejaculated Harold, starting up.

"Yes, with Madge," replied the lawyer; "but there is no cause for alarm. Your case is in the hands of an attorney who understands fully the line of policy adopted by the opposition. So, you see, you're lucky—a devilish sight luckier than most people I know."

"Where is she now?"

"Gone to her cabin; I promised to sleep in the cottage-shed, and so got rid of her."

"What does she propose doing? What brought her back so suddenly?"

"I told her it was necessary to come up here and have the case tried in St. James Parish. To-morrow I'm to have you arrested."

"Me?" exclaimed Harold, grasping his revolver.

"Now, don't get excited," said the little man; "nothing so ill becomes a man of sense as excitement; besides, as I said before, I have provided for your safety."

"How—in what manner?"

"Will you be calm? I can't talk business unless you act like a sane man."

With an effort, Holcombe managed to drop into his seat and hold his breath while Skittles proceeded to say that there was nothing to be gained by dealing tenderly with Madge.

"I'm aware of that," replied Harold, "and I'm tired of it, too."

"Well, then, tell me," said the wee lawyer, "have you a room in this house, or on this place, that could be converted into a prison on short notice?"

"Yes."

"Where is it?"

"In the tower."

"Is it a secure room?"

"Very."

"No means of escape?"

"None."

"Any windows?"

"No; only two small apertures, and these are grated."

Skittles smiled blandly; got up, shook Harold's limp hand, helped himself to the wine that sat upon the table, sat down again, and simply said, smacking his lips as he did so, "Good!"

This pantomime was exceedingly disagreeable to Holcombe, who was feverishly anxious to hear Skittles' programme unfolded, and so he said: "Pray tell me what you propose doing?"

"Can't you guess?"

"No!" bluntly.

"Then I'll tell you. I propose making Miss Madge a prisoner, and that room up in the tower her prison. Once there, you can sleep peacefully, and she will fare better than she does now. Poor thing; it will be a good change for her."

The plan met Harold's approval at once, and he couldn't help wondering how it was that he had never thought of this expedient before.

"But when do we secure her?" he asked.

"To-night," the little man said.

"Why to-night?"

"Because, if you don't arrest her to-night, she will have you jailed to-morrow."

"Enough," replied Harold. "How many will it take?"

"How many what—men?"

"Yes."

"You and I can do it. No one else need know of the affair. It will be more safe."

"I see," said Harold; "but Toy—my man Toy—knows every thing, and hence there is no reason why we should attempt to keep him in the dark as to this matter. He will be her jailer, you know."

Skittles did not relish the idea of having a common, vulgar servant in his confidence, and he said so, but Harold replied:

"Toy is as faithful as a spaniel; I will answer for him. Besides, as I said before, we must take him into the secret if we bring him here."

"Well, then, if we must, we must," said the lawyer, at last. "Where is this model man—this fellow, Toy?"

Holcombe touched a bell-cord at his elbow; afar off a musical bell tinkled softly, and the next instant Toy stood bowing in the doorway.

"Come in, Toy," said Harold. "We have something to communicate to you."

The man advanced, and his master added: "This is Mr. Skittles, from the city—a friend of mine, who has kindly volunteered to help me to escape the snare set for me by that infernal vixen, Madge."

Toy said, "Ah! indeed?" and looked shily at the lawyer, who, in turn, looked hard at him, as he said: "Mr. Toy, I have placed the greatest confidence in your discretion, and I trust that, in our future intercourse, nothing will occur calculated to mar that confidence in the slightest, or impair the good opinion your frank, honest face created on my first seeing you."

Toy bowed almost to the floor, and said: "I hope not."

"And now to business," continued Skittles, addressing himself to Toy: "you are familiar with this woman's premises, are you not?"

"Yes, sir; I know where she lives."

"Ah!" with great solemnity, "you know where she lives. Good! You will, I presume, under the direction of Mr. Holcombe here, conduct us to her abode?"

"Yes, sir, with pleasure."

"And assist us in making her a prisoner?"

"Yes, sir."

"And aid us in conveying her to the dark room up there in the tower?"

"I will."

Harold was about to make an observation, but Skittles, with the greatest importance in the world, waived him into silence, merely remarking, by way of explanation: "I believe your case is in my hands; if so, permit me to conduct it after my own ideas." Then turning to Toy, he said: "Now get your hat, my man, and we'll be ready in a jiffy."

Ten minutes later the three men stole noiselessly out of the side entrance to the Hall and turned their steps toward Dark Swamp.

(To be continued—Continued in No. 114.)

HAWKEYE HARRY,

THE Young Trapper Ranger:

THE MYSTERY OF THE WOOD.

BY OLL COOMES,

AUTHOR OF THE "BOY SPY," "BOY CHIEF," ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

THE COMBAT IN THE WATER.

TOGETHER fell the tomahawks of the two antagonists—Hawkeye Harry and the said.

There was a dull crash, a low moan followed by a slight rustling of the dry reeds.

"Yes, with Madge," replied the lawyer; "but there is no cause for alarm. Your case is in the hands of an attorney who understands fully the line of policy adopted by the opposition. So, you see, you're lucky—a devilish sight luckier than most people I know."

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(To be continued—Continued in No. 114.)

A savage yell of agony pealed out upon the night-air, almost chilling the blood in Nora's veins. But, like a heroine, she uttered no word of affright, but nestled closer to the form of her young protector.

Harry aimed the lance so as to pierce the savage's breast, and from the desperate tugging at the weapon he knew his aim had been true.

He quickly relinquished his hold upon the lance, and seized the oars to flee, for he knew the death-wail of the savage would soon bring others upon them. But, at this instant, Nora caught the outline of a pair of long arms that were thrust outward from the reeds behind him; then she felt Harry dragged from her side out into the water with a crash, where a fearful struggle at once began.

The brave and noble girl, obeying the injunctions of the young ranger, never uttered a sound, but with her hands clasped over her heart, she mentally prayed, with all the fervency of her young soul, for the merciful Father to spare the life of Hawkeye Harry.

The struggle between the youth and the unknown foe—which was a savage, of course—became desperate. Neither uttered a word or cry. But the floundering in the water; the crashing of the reeds; the dull thumping of the blows; the gasping, and labored breathing of the combatants, told

the world it was a deadly conflict.

Poor Nora! She sat alone, trembling with fear, and when she had invoked Heaven's protection on the young ranger's life, she leaned forward and strained her eyes through the darkness, in hopes of seeing if he could not help Harry. But she could see nothing. She could only listen to the awful sounds and pray—pray for Harry's deliverance.

It was a fearful moment for that young girl—a moment of agonizing suspense—such as is never erased from memory.

blazed in the grate, and lent a pleasing warmth to the apartment.

"Until the winds lull, I will not sleep," said the girl, robing herself, and lighting an ornamental lamp.

And seating herself at the work-table, she began the perusal of interesting pages.

All at once, in a momentary lull of the winds, Bertha heard a noise like that made by the teeth of a rat. The girl, in common with her timid sex, had a horror of rodents, and closed the volume and listened.

The noise grew more and more distinct, and Bertha suddenly reached the conclusion that it was occasioned by a saw, and emanated below.

What! were robbers attempting to enter a store defended by a weak woman?

It seemed thus to Gilmer & Co.'s beautiful clerk, as she stood near the lower double door, and listened to the tiny saw describing a circle just below the bar.

In a minute her timidity fled, and well-formed determination took its place.

The robber's hand would soon be thrust into the room to raise the iron bar, the only barrier between himself and the rich contents of the building, and Bertha had not a moment to lose.

Gilding noiselessly from the door, she secured a strong cord, which she made into a noose, and returned.

The waning seconds seemed minutes to the breathless girl, while she stood there ready to lasso the burglar's hand, and hold it captive till morning.

At last the saw was withdrawn, the circular piece sawn out, followed it, and Bertha saw the white wall of winter covering the frozen world.

Oh! how eagerly she waited for the hand.

Suddenly in it glided, so like a woman's, small and white.

It had almost touched the bar when the brave girl slipped the noose over it, and the man found himself a prisoner, unable to move a foot.

The cord being of goodly length, Bertha made it fast to one of the heavy oaken scrolls of an adjacent counter, and, falling into Gilmer & Co.'s arm-chair, sighed for the dawn.

An hour wore away without a noise from the burglar outside.

Ever and anon the girl would steal forward, get a glimpse of the imprisoned hand, and resume her post.

Once she heard a groan of pain, and the silence that followed was broken by the fall of the hand to the floor!

With a cry of horror, Bertha turned on the gas and ran forward.

Sure enough the robber had deliberately severed the useful member, for there it lay, the red gore gushing from the arteries.

It was a fearful sight for the beautiful blue eyes unused to bloodshed.

After a long time, she loosed the fatal noose, and poured water upon the bleeding member until it was white as hers.

Then a searching look at its effeminate contour caused an exclamation to part her lips.

"My God! It is Wilde Rabe's hand."

She recognized it as the hand she had often taken in hers: the hand of one whose wife she had refused to become, because she discovered that he loved her not as man should love a maid.

She had not seen Wilde Rabe for many months; but she had not forgotten his words uttered in the frenzy of passion, when he left her side after his unsuccessful wooing.

"Hear me, Bertha Chapin!" he cried;

"When purposed vengeance I forged,
Term me a wretch, nor deem me low;
And when an insult I forgive,
Thee brand me as a slave, and live!"

And with that he rushed from her presence, grating the fearful word, "vengeance," between his close-set teeth.

Morning came at last to the anxious one. Gilmer & Co. beheld with undisguised horror the pale hand of him who had loved not wisely nor well, and some citizens, following the bloody drops in the snow, at last came upon a man frozen to death in a monster drift.

They raised him, and gazed upon the well-known, but ghastly face of Wilde Rabe. Faint with the loss of blood, he had sunk into the snow, and, all alone, expiated his crimes.

It is more than probable that he intended to enter Bertha's chamber, and satiate his fiendish desire for vengeance, because she loved one who fought for the cause he was too cowardly to defend.

The young girl received great praise for her bravery, and now, when happy near the heart of Ned Gilmer, she often thinks of her dreadful night.

Tracked to Death: OR, THE LAST SHOT.

BY CAPT. MAYNE REED.

AUTHOR OF "HELPLESS HAND," "LONE RANGER," "SCALP HUNTERS," "WHITE CHIEF," ETC.

CHAPTER LXXXII.

SHADOWS OF EVIL SHAPE.

"Oh, God!"

This exclamation came from a head that appeared without body; for there was none visible.

There was one, nevertheless—buried beneath the earth.

It was Charles Clancy who sent up the prayerful apostrophe.

A groan followed, as his eyes went wandering over the plain. He could see it for nearly the half of a circle—a great circle such surrounds one upon the sea, but with a view no better than one has lying along the thwarts of a boat or swimming in the water.

He gave out a second groan as his glance fell to the ground after sweeping the semi-circle.

There was no one in sight; no likelihood there would be; no chance of any one coming that way; no hope of his being released from his living grave!

It was to prevent this that they who buried him had gone nearly a mile out of their way in choosing that remote spot. For though pursued, their pursuers would not note the deviation. It was on a part of the arid table-land, where the turf was specially firm and impervious. Even a horse with shoeing sharpened for frost, might pass over it without making marks that could be traced, except by the most skillful tracker.

There was one who might have done it—

Simeon Woodley.

Clancy thought of him, but with little hope. He remembered that then the backwoodsman would be far away. He could

not yet have reached the Mission-house. From where they had parted it was at least twenty miles to the upper crossing, and ten more down the opposite side of the stream—a good day's journey, without any impediment. Besides there was no certainty of what awaited them at its termination: of what had happened to the colony, and one that was mounted.

And would Simeon Woodley see the necessity of coming back? He might not; for, on parting with him, Clancy had made no point of this. He had forgotten it in his eagerness to follow Darke, and had thought only of his conducting the sisters safely home.

Clancy might not return to search for him. If he did, there was but slight chance of his finding him—till too late.

"Oh, God!" Again he gave out the solemn exclamation—again groaned, as his glance, having scanned the horizon as before, fell hopelessly to the ground.

The robber's hand would soon be thrust into the room to raise the iron bar, the only barrier between himself and the rich contents of the building, and Bertha had not a moment to lose.

Gilding noiselessly from the door, she secured a strong cord, which she made into a noose, and returned.

The waning seconds seemed minutes to the breathless girl, while she stood there ready to lasso the burglar's hand, and hold it captive till morning.

At last the saw was withdrawn, the circular piece sawn out, followed it, and Bertha saw the white wall of winter covering the frozen world.

Oh! how eagerly she waited for the hand.

Suddenly in it glided, so like a woman's, small and white.

It had almost touched the bar when the brave girl slipped the noose over it, and the man found himself a prisoner, unable to move a foot.

The cord being of goodly length, Bertha made it fast to one of the heavy oaken scrolls of an adjacent counter, and, falling into Gilmer & Co.'s arm-chair, sighed for the dawn.

An hour wore away without a noise from the burglar outside.

Ever and anon the girl would steal forward, get a glimpse of the imprisoned hand, and resume her post.

Once she heard a groan of pain, and the silence that followed was broken by the fall of the hand to the floor!

With a cry of horror, Bertha turned on the gas and ran forward.

Sure enough the robber had deliberately severed the useful member, for there it lay, the red gore gushing from the arteries.

It was a fearful sight for the beautiful blue eyes unused to bloodshed.

After a long time, she loosed the fatal noose, and poured water upon the bleeding member until it was white as hers.

Then a searching look at its effeminate contour caused an exclamation to part her lips.

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It is more than probable that he intended to enter Bertha's chamber, and satiate his fiendish desire for vengeance, because she loved one who fought for the cause he was too cowardly to defend.

The young girl received great praise for her bravery, and now, when happy near the heart of Ned Gilmer, she often thinks of her dreadful night.

But this time, instead of a groan, the apostrophe was succeeded by an exclamation of joy.

As if his appeal had been at last heard—heard and responded to—a trampling sounded upon the plain. At the first touch reaching his ear, Clancy could tell it was the hoof-stroke of a horse, and one that was mounted.

Instantly the open jaws were shut, and the threatening crew lost sight of. The coyotes had drawn back, scattering off to a distance.

Clancy's eye sought the direction from which the sound appeared to proceed. He had not long to look before seeing that which confirmed his joy.

On the moonlit plain approached a form, which he easily made out to be that of a man on horseback.

The horseman was riding slowly, as if he had lost his way, or was searching for something.

He had now bitterly regretted, even reproached himself for having permitted the pirates to make him their prisoner so easily. He might have escaped—felt sure he could have done so—with the horse he had been riding. It was the brace of hybrids that had hindered him.

He had since seen both carried off, apparently in no danger. His hound, too, taken along with them, led in the lead, had himself so lately held. The robbers were not likely to do damage to any of the three—man, mule or dog. All would be of after service to them. Thus Clancy reflected, alas! too late.

The hope was that the man approaching was Simeon Woodley; the thought that it could be no one else. Then his prayer, so often repeated, changed to the form of thanks-giving; and instead of crying aloud "Oh, God!" he said, in undertone, equally nervous.

By this time the horseman had got close up. Clancy was about to call out to him, to pronounce the name "Simeon Woodley."

Before he could shape the words he saw what gave him reason to remain silent. The horseman was on the moon side, face and features in shadow. Not so his form, which was outlined against the sky—clear cut as a silhouette. It was not the figure of Woodley, but that of a man altogether different. And, equally different was his behavior to what, under the circumstances, would have been that of the backwoodsman.

The moment he saw the head, apparently bodiless, and the face conspicuous under the clear moonlight, he gave utterance to a shout, a cry of wildest terror! Then, wrenching his horse round, he galloped off over the plain!

Clancy shouted, too; but the shout did not stay till the retreating horseman. Instead, it sent fresh fear to his heart and speed to his horse's heels.

CHAPTER LXXXIV.

GROPPING THE WAY.

A SOUTHERN sun rose over the black-jack grove where Richard Darke lay stretched asleep, in drunken slumber. His rising did not awake him; nor yet the fierce rays when it was higher up in heaven; for the thick foliage hindered him from feeling their fervor. He was only awakened by the stamping of his horse, the animal becoming agitated by the stirring of flies.

He had heard the sound several times; but, half-drunk, half-dreaming, had not noticed it.

When at length aroused, he was still partially inebriate; though sober enough to perceive that he had overslept himself.

He sprang upon his feet, and stared around with an air of bewilderment.

What time was it?

He took out his watch and gazed unsteadily at the dial. No good that, even though his vision was ever so clear. The hands were at rest; the watch, not wound up the night before, was run down.

He glanced skyward, to get sight of the sun. The thick foliage intervened, and he could see the firmament, only in flakes here and there.

He staggered out to the edge of the grove, to obtain a better view. Then the golden orb was before his face; and its rays, dazzling his eyes, almost blinded him. Holding his hand with a spread palm, over his brows, he took note of the sun's altitude. The disk showed about two hours above the horizon.

In making this observation his first thought was that he had slept away so much of the morning.

He reproached himself for having done so—adding an oath at his own stupidity.

Getting intoxicated had been an act of imprudence; still greater, in going to sleep on it.

There might be unpleasant consequences.

What if Borlasse and the band were gone, leaving him behind—alone? At least two hours of clear daylight, more than time for them to get back to the Mission. Had they got back, and kept on to the rendezvous?

The reflection made him feel uncomfortable, and he stood, not knowing what to do.

If his robber associates had already passed over the plain, his course would be to hasten after them. But then there might be danger even in this. There was a possibility of others following them at the same time—pursuers? The outraged colonists might be after them—their wrongs urging them to a haste as hot as that the plunder-laden pirates could possibly make. Now that he knew Simeon Woodley was in the field, there was a probability that the backwoodsman would be guide to the pursuit; and Richard Darke of old had reason to know something of Woodley's skill as a tracker. Nay! the pursuers might also have gone past! If so, there would be a double risk in striking out over that treeless plain.

"Two hours of clear daylight! Has there been so much?" Confound the watch! Let me have another squat at the sun."

Again shading his eyes, he looked up at the sky, once more measuring the arc below. A backwoodsman himself, coupled with his late experience on the prairies, enabled him to do this, with as much certainty as the most skilled astronomer.

"No," he thought, in jubilant, the tone telling of his satisfaction; "not two hours yet—not quite. About an hour and three-quarters, I should think. Bah! I've been putting myself into a scare for nothing. I guess they haven't gone by yet."

Again doubting, he continued:

"How am I to know for certain? Not by staying here, unless they're still to come along, which isn't at all certain. Besides, I'm choking with thirst. Half an hour of the hell-fired thing will go well-nigh killing me. I must speak it out of here, one way or the other."

"Water! Where am I to find it? Not a drop of it on this dry plain! None nearer than the river, and in that direction I

daren't go. What the deuce am I to do?"

"I'll give them another half-hour. Surely they'll be up before that. If they don't, I'll take my chance and ride on to the rendezvous; though durned if I know whether I can find the way. Hang that horse! He's making noise enough to be heard ten miles off. I must put an end to that!"

Going back into the heart of the grove, he routed the swarming insects, and for a time kept the horse quiet.

ANOTHER TRAGEDY.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

A druggist, getting very tired
Of lone life bachelorial,
Took Anna for a paragon,
And grew quite paragogical.
His love was warm as number six,
His thoughts he could not label,
But while he thought she was a fay,
She thought he was a fable.
One day with spirits volatile
They took a drive together,
He drove his gum Arabic steeds,
And pleasant was the weather.
To the hearken of his feelings or
And 'twas his despatch;
Said he, "I have a darling wish,
Along with other notions;
"You know how deeply I in love
Have been precipitated;
Your smile is coal oil to my flame,
And can't be overrated.
"All other thoughts are worldly druds;
The wish of my affections
Is this—to have you take my name
According to directions."
"At this I myrrh-myrrh, sir," she said;
"Give up your Preparations;
Your good bid us to beware
Of worthless invasions!
"You're a wed, I have to see;
If you are tired of living thus,
Take up your own prescriptions."
His hopes resolved to hydrogen,
Left him of joy a small smite
The vial of his tears was broke,
And he began to balsam.
"Home?" The lovely Annayze!"
He said, as homeward went he,
Where antithetically he took
A pint of Spirits Fumante.
"Fade, fade ye jars of life," he cried,
As he grew very merrily;
And when his head ceased to revolve,
Then he was stationary.
They laid him gently on the shelf,
Mid herbs and other dry stuff;
The people laughing sideways said,
"Ah, don't you think he dyed-stuff."

The Rover's Child.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

In a small and ill-furnished apartment, in the city of Savannah, a singular scene was enacted, one autumn night in the year 1792.

An aged woman, whose hair was streaked with silver, but whose form promised her many days yet this side of the tomb, held a bright-eyed little boy-baby in her lap. Before her stood a man holding a candle, while beside her knelt a person whose features and habiliments gave token of a seafaring life.

"Do you think he resembles me?" asked the rover, looking up into the woman's face, while his fingers toyed with the little cherub's dimpled chin.

"His eyes are black, like yours, sir," answered the woman. "But no doubt he looks like his mother."

"Yes, like Elfrida—poor, lost Elfrida!" and a mournful sigh escaped the sailor's lips. "Oh, mother, you don't know how I loved her—no, the world will never know, and this little image of her matchless self she left me when she went away—to spirit-land."

Hastily the emotional speaker brushed aside the tear that glistened on his cheek, and once more he was the stern man that the world knew so well—the fearless freebooter of the West Indies.

"The night advances, and I must away," he continued, drawing a case of tattooing apparatus from his bosom. "Here, bare his little arm, mother, and we'll stamp him Gerald Andros' child."

The woman obeyed, and upon the babe's snowy skin the rover stamped an indelible cross, crowned with a crescent.

"There!" he cried, when the operation had been performed. "How well he bore the pain! Ah, he's a true Andros, and when he is old enough, he shall sail with me to scenes and deeds that befit the name he bears. Guard well his young life when I am gone!" and then he stooped and kissed the laughing face of the child. "Here's money," and he placed a heavy purse in the man's hand, which he grasped to say farewell.

Then he turned to the woman, kindly said, "Good-by, mother," kissed the babe again, and was gone.

When the door closed behind him, the child was returned to his wicker cradle, and the contents of the purse inspected. Golden doubloons rained into the woman's lap, and drew exclamations of wonder and surprise from the lips of the aged couple.

"Yes, we'll guard well the boy—his child, Peter," said the woman, looking up into the old man's face. "Had not Providence guided Gerald Andros hither, we would long since have starved. God grant him a good cruise, and when he returns, Roscoe shall run to meet him."

"After five long years, in Savannah again!" cried a tall and handsome man, in the prime of manhood, as he sprang from a boat upon the quay of the beautiful Southern mart. "Oh, how my heart yearns to meet my boy—my Roscoe! I wonder if they have taught him to lisp his father's name—if he will run to meet me when they see me approach the old house!"

Thus musing, Gerald Andros, clad in the undress uniform of a marine officer, hurried from the pier, taking no notice of the people who stared at him, and exchanged remarks regarding his precipitate pedes-trianism.

At length he reached the poorer portion of the city, and, as he neared a crowd congregated before a low sailors' retreat, he heard these words:

"They'll never catch the villain."

"Ketch 'im? not much!" said a tall fellow, with an air of self-assurance. "I tell you he was hired to do the job. Some rich fellow has took a fancy to the boy, and old Grampus refused to give him up, so—"

"What do you say, fellow?" almost shrieked Gerald Andros, whom the conversation had brought to a pause without the crowd. "What's happened to old Grampus and his grandchild? Tell me quickly, or—or—" and his grip tightened on the burly fellow's arm, "I'll shake you to pieces."

"Why, last night some fellow got into old Peter's house—killed both of 'em old people, and made off with the boy."

A groan welled from the sailor's throat.

"It can't be!" he cried, staring into the man's face. "God would never suffer such a deed to be done."

"Well, he jest has, as you can see by going to old Grampus' house," was the response, and, without another word, Andros darted away.

He forced himself through the crowd that blockaded the portals of the fisherman's home, and his gaze fell upon the dead bodies of the aged couple.

But where was his boy?

The neighbors could tell him but little of the dreadful tragedy—more of its antecedents. They knew that a wealthy merchant, from unknown parts, had offered the old couple a goodly sum of money for little Roscoe; but the golden offer was rejected with indignation. Four nights following this, the deed, whose gory result the rover now gazed upon, was committed.

Presently Gerald Andros, with surgeon and a second, appeared, and, in silence, the antagonists faced each other with the deadly dueling-pistol.

Implacable hatred still beamed in the ex-pirate's eyes, and when the third numeral fell from the second's lips, he touched the trigger with a muttered imprecation.

With a shriek, Wilfred Martin staggered back, and was lowered to the ground by his friend.

Unharm'd, Gerald Andros stepped forward and gazed calmly upon the work of his pistol.

"The ball has shattered his arm," said one of the surgeons, proceeding to examine Wilfred's wound in the lantern light, and a moment later the sleeve was torn from the stricken member.

Presently Gerald Andros uttered an exclamation of surprise, and sprung to his victim's side.

"See!" he cried, pointing to a tattoo-mark above young Wilfred's wound. "I tattooed that arm when he was a babe! He's my son!"

All stared upon him, lost in amazement.

"Yes, yes, at last I find my long-lost boy, but stricken by his father's hand. Oh, God, this is thy work—this is one of thy mysterious ways. Bear him to yonder house—he my son—my rival in love."

They bore Wilfred to a carriage beyond the edge of the cypress swamp, and all were whirled away to Roger Darrell's country mansion.

"He can trace his name further back than himself!" cried Gerald Andros, pointing the banker to his son. "My pistol made him Roscoe Andros. Now give him your child—I, his father, am his rival no longer."

Beside the cot of his son sat Gerald An-

dras, and Helen Darrell; and they never left his side until he was convalescent.

Roscoe—Wilfred Martin no longer—of course possessed no recollection of his father. He had an indistinct remembrance of the night of his abduction, and murder of the old couple in Mobile. In New York a wealthy man named Martin gave him his name; but when he tried to induce him to become one of a band of counterfeiters, the young man fled, and took up his abode in New Orleans.

When he recovered from his wound, he wedded Helena Darrell, and Gerald Andros, happy at last, lived to a green old age in the Crescent City, amid the smiles of merry grandchildren.

The murder of the Grampuses still remains enveloped in mystery, and never, till the seals of the great book be broken, will that mystery be unraveled.

"Hold, poisoner!" cried a loud voice, and a man sprang from behind a clump of bushes crowned with flaming hollyhocks. "You poison Helena against me, and, by the throne of Jehovah! you shall atone for the insult!"

"As you please, sir," boldly answered the young man, impassionately returning the fierce look that Gerald Andros shot at him.

"Then to-morrow night meet me beneath the magnolia—your trysting-place—in yonder swamp," and his quivering finger described a dark line of trees visible from the spot where they stood.

"I'll meet you there, sir," said Wilfred Martin, quickly, "and God grant that the pistol may not fail."

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